

# Newport Mercury

NEWPORT, R. I., MAY 9, 1896.

WHOLE NUMBER 7,805.

## The Newport Mercury.

—PUBLISHED WEEKLY—  
THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.,  
182 THAMES STREET,  
NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1873, and is now in its hundred and thirty-eighth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and has been published continuously since its first issue. It is published weekly, except on Sundays and public holidays. It is published at the office of the publisher, 182 Thames Street, Newport, R. I.

## Local Matters.

### Natural History Society.

The annual meeting of this Society was held on Thursday afternoon, the 7th inst., and the reports of the various officers were submitted. Accessions to the Museum and to its Library continue steadily, the most important addition last season having been the big Moose of which we have already given an account in the Mercury. The funds are not in a flourishing condition—the Society being in debt about \$200. The remedy is a simple one. Let half a dozen of our wealthy residents and summer visitors become Life Members at \$100 a piece and the Society will then be in a position to procure the cases it wants for its specimens and books and continue its publication of its proceedings which have always been of much scientific interest.

The address of Dr. Storer the President was a lengthy one and explained the position of the Society fully. As a special topic connected with its educational work, he dwelt on the great value of Arbor Day and on the great advantages arising from the study of trees and shrubs. The following gentlemen were elected as officers and Council of Management for the ensuing twelve months:

### New Swedish Church.

The new church of the Swedish Evangelical Lutheran congregation was used for the first time last Sunday and, though not entirely finished, will be used for all the services hereafter. The building, which is situated on Corns street, is built of wood from designs by Architect James W. Smith, the contractors being, for the woodwork, Parsons Brothers of Providence, W. L. McWaters for the plastering, Gardner & Wilkie the mason work, and W. H. Greene the painting and decorating.

The structure is 30x55 feet on the ground and 31 feet high, its front entrance being surmounted by a tower and cross. The interior is finished in hard pine wainscoting and hard-finished white walls, and looks bright and cheerful, being well lighted by a number of large windows. At the east end is the altar, enclosed by a semi-circular communion railing, with a diameter of thirteen feet. Above this, on a platform raised several feet from the floor, are the preacher's platform and reading desk. This with the altar, is finished in white enamel paint. In the rear is a window which is hoped to fill with stained glass. Above, the wall closes in an arch which adds much to the effect. On either side of the altar, and with doors opening from the auditorium, are small dressing rooms for the use of the pastor. On the west side, over the entrance, is a small balcony, with a door opening into the tower.

The Newport Yacht Club has entered upon the occupancy of its new club house and the members seem much pleased with their new quarters.

Hon. and Mrs. Nicholas Hall of Block Island are at the Hamilton House, Washington.

Mr. W. S. O'Brien, of the Perry House, has returned from a trip to Michigan.

Dr. J. J. Mason and family have arrived at their cottage on Catherine street.

Mr. Harold Brown has taken possession of his cottage on Hazard avenue.

Mrs. George W. Oger has arrived at the Neilson cottage on Cottage Place.

Mr. Lewis Brown has been visiting his son at West Point this week.

### A Chapter of Accidents.

Wednesday night almost immediately upon leaving Jamestown on her 6 o'clock trip, steamer Jamestown sustained a break in the delivery pipe, rendering her machinery motionless. She signalled for help and succeeded in coming to anchor. A gentleman on shore immediately telephoned to this city for tug Aquidneck and Capt. Knowles, of the Sylva Shore, hearing the calls for assistance put his boat about and went to the Jamestown assistance. The line which it was intended to fasten to the steamer, however, became entangled in the Sylva Shore's propeller and immediately rendered her not only helpless to aid, but also in an even more serious condition than the Jamestown. She could not anchor and soon drifted upon the rocks about a quarter of a mile south of the yacht club pier.

Engineer Brooks, of the Jamestown, had in the meantime repaired the break which was the cause of all the trouble and started to assist the smaller boat, when one of his rudder chains broke and while the Jamestown was being reversed in order to use the other chain tug Aquidneck arrived and Capt. Amburst put into his ship and landed his passengers. The Aquidneck was unable to get the Sylva Shore off the rocky shore and a telephone message brought tug Gaspee, Capt. Sutton, from Providence. It being high water when the Gaspee arrived the stranded steamer was soon hauled off and brought to this city. Thursday afternoon she was hauled out on the ways at Crowley's when it was found that her injuries consisted of a missing rudder, cracked rubber post, condenser pipes on the port side torn off and a badly chafed hull. Fortunately she was a stout boat or she would have gone to pieces.

### Loss of Soh. D. B. Fearing.

Schooner Daniel H. Fearing, Capt. Clifford, of this city, went ashore at Cahoon's Hollow, Cape Cod, Tuesday night, while on her way from Philadelphia to Boston with a load of coal. The captain and crew of eight men were taken off in the life boat by Capt. Cole and crew of Cahoon's Hollow life saving station at 2 o'clock Wednesday morning, after a hard struggle with the wind and sea. The vessel will probably be a total loss.

The Fearing was a four-masted schooner, and was built in 1891 at Belfast, Me. She was of 1,240.44 gross tonnage, 1,178.32 net tonnage, 218.5 feet long, 43 feet beam and 13.6 depth. She had been commanded by Captain J. C. Clifford of this city, and had been recently engaged in the coal-carrying trade between Philadelphia and New England ports. She cost \$64,000. About one half of the schooner was owned in this city.

Mr. G. B. Reynolds, managing owner, left Wednesday morning. A telegram from Capt. Clifford stated that the crew had been saved, but saved nothing except the clothes they stood in.

### Death of Richard Holzinger.

Mr. Richard Holzinger died at his home on East Bowery street at an early hour Sunday morning, after a long and painful illness. He was thirty-seven years of age and leaves a wife and three children. His funeral was solemnized Tuesday afternoon and was largely attended. He was a member of Weenat Shasuit Tribe of Red Men, of Newport Conclave, K. O. F., Council Pride of the City, A. O. U. W., and of Perseverance Lodge, K. of H. These organizations, accompanied by the Newport Band, attended the funeral in a body, the bearers being Messrs. Ernest Orlidge and C. A. Trager, from the conclave; Francis Barua and B. J. Bryer, from the court; W. T. Libby and S. S. Fludder, from the Red Men, and two members of the United Train of Artillery of Providence, of which the deceased was a member.

The Young People's Guild of Trinity parish have planned a most delightful entertainment for next Thursday evening. It will be held in the new guild house and will be in the nature of a May festival, the programme including a May Pole dance, vocal and instrumental music, and other attractions which will prove delightful to all who attend the entertainment. At the close of the programme refreshments will be served and the floor will be cleared for dancing.

Ocean Lodge, A. O. U. W., enjoyed a smoke talk after the regular business meeting Thursday evening. Refreshments were served.

The annual meeting of the Supreme Lodge, New England Order of Protection, will be held in Boston Tuesday next.

Steamer Bay Queen is taking the place of the City of Newport, during the latter's spring overhauling.

The various what clubs have been holding their final meeting for the season during the past week.

Newport's great holiday occurs two weeks from Tuesday.

### They Managed Newspapers.

An Exchange says: "The reorganization of various societies upon the basis of genealogy has been the means of bringing to light some very interesting facts concerning our grandmothers and great grandmothers. These much-esteemed persons, it has been found, were in the main vigorous women, and when thrown upon their own resources by adverse fate they rose nobly to the occasion.

The press had probably fewer workers than any other early field of action, and yet the first newspaper printed in Rhode Island, one at Newport in 1739, was managed, after her husband's death, by Anne Franklin, widow of James, a brother of the famous Benjamin Franklin. This newspaper eventually became the Newport Mercury, now the oldest in the country. Mrs. Franklin, who must have been alone in her field, printed an edition of the laws in 1745, (340 pages) with the assistance solely of her two daughters.

The mother of a family of less world-wide renown was equally successful in the printing business when the occasion demanded in Hartford, in 1725. Widowed suddenly and left with three little boys, she assumed the management of a publication business, and carried it on without a break until her sons were old enough to relieve her. A part of her sagacity was to take each boy into the shop as he left school, and her white old age found her still guiding and advising her clever sons in their business ventures on the same plan by which they had been trained.

Many similar histories of capable women following careers that are quite in keeping with that of the woman who thinks she is now a frequently unearthing of the family tree."

### Death of George S. Coe.

George Simmons Coe, the veteran Wall street financier, died on Sunday at his home, the Cliffs, Englewood, N. J. Mr. Coe was stricken with paralysis Nov. 23, 1893, while on his way to his business, but recovered within a few months and returned to his office.

He retired from the presidency of the American Exchange Bank, at the head of which he had been for twenty-eight years, on Jan. 10, 1894, owing to increasing feebleness. He suffered a second stroke of paralysis, and recently a third, which proved fatal. A widow, one son and a daughter survive him.

Mr. Coe's connection with the American Exchange Bank extended over a period of more than forty years. He became its President in 1850. He was born in Newport April 27, 1817, and it is stated, was a descendant of Priscilla Alden. He removed to New York in 1838 and was for six years an employee of Prime, Ward & King, bankers. Later he was a partner in the banking firm of Gilbert, Coe & Johnson, which failed in 1854. Then he entered the American Exchange Bank as its cashier. Mr. Coe was one of the founders of the national banking system, helped shape the nation's financial policy during the war, and by his genius and energy averted a great financial crash in 1854.

### Artillery Company.

Tuesday evening the Newport Artillery Company, Col. A. A. Barker in command, gave an exhibition drill for the benefit of their lady friends who were present in large numbers. After the various tactics had been gone through with in a manner which reflected great credit alike to the command and its commander, Colonel Barker explained the new manual, several of the tactics of which the Company executed under his instructions. Following the drill Col. Barker tendered a complimentary social to the Company and its friends. Dancing was enjoyed till midnight to music by members of the Newport orchestra, Mr. William Deplitch prompting. Before the conclusion of the drill the appointments made by Col. Barker for the ensuing year were read as follows:

Sergeant Major—Max Wrenschlager.  
Quartermaster Sergeant—Frank S. Patterson.  
Commissary Sergeant—Howard Peckham.  
Ordinance Sergeant—Thos. H. Lawton.  
Color Sergeant—John O. Briggsman.  
Color Sergeant—Benjamin E. Williams.  
Corporals—Frank G. Wilbur, William Wilbur, William Knowe, George Melville, John R. Austin, Henry S. Bliss, Lewis Sturford and Robert G. Ellis.

Mr. Augustus H. Swan and Miss Mary G. Curley announce a recital to take place Thursday, June 13, at 8:15 p. m., at Casino Theatre. Their assisting artists will be Miss Evangeline Larry, of Providence, violinist; Miss Maude Harrington, reader; Mr. Alfred G. Langley, pianist; Signor Rotoli, of Boston, accompanist.

While driving to his place of business Tuesday morning Mr. Peter King, of the Boston Store, was thrown from his carriage on Broadway near Equality Park and sustained injuries which have kept him confined to the house ever since. The accident was caused by the horse becoming frightened.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Emmons have arrived at their cottage on Catherine street.

### CITY COUNCIL.

Regular Meeting—Bicycle Amendments Passed—Reports Received—Additional Changes Voted in Street Names—Petitions Received—Coggeshall Avenue for a Public Highway—Licenses Revoked and Granted.

The regular meeting of the City Council was held Tuesday evening and though the session lasted but little over an hour considerable business was transacted. A report was received from the committee on ordinances, recommending the repealing of the law requiring bicycles to carry lights after dark. After considerable discussion it was voted to repeal the same by an aye and no vote, the ayes being Mr. President Carr, Councilmen Hamilton, Shepley, Barker, Tanner, Townsend, McMill, Hale, Sisson, O. and the nays, Councilmen Bacheller, Lee, Koehue, Vaughan, Sullivan, Morgan, &

Later in the evening, upon motion of Councilman Townsend, another amendment was passed regulating the speed of bicycles to six miles an hour in the compact part of the city.

The committee on ordinances also presented a report recommending that the proposed amendment to the plumbing ordinance be laid upon the table, and an accompanying substitute, embracing its provisions and certain other changes, be passed. The changes include a provision that the inspector shall have an office in the board of health, his books and papers being open to the inspection of the board; repeal the clause requiring plumbers to have place of business in Newport, and relate also to "grease traps and cellar-drains." Both were laid on the table.

Finance report No. 4 was received, and bills were ordered paid from the several appropriations named, as follows:

City Asylum	\$ 293.31
Poor Department	350.00
Watch and Police	187.19
Fire Department	1,259.54
Public Schools	5,418.37
Board of Health	42.00
Streets and Highways	534.35
Removal of Bones	75.00
Bureau of Census	62.68
Town Bridge Fund	69.72
Public Buildings	107.92
Lighting Streets	3,891.99
Books, Stationery and Printing	479.13
Public Buildings	240.00
Ward Meetings	45.00
Watering Streets	121.91
Public Parks	752.50
Sewerage	200.00
New Schoolhouse	324.00
Improvements Morton Park	717.28
Improvements Bellevue Avenue	1,218.54
Total	\$17,648.14

Upon recommendation of the committee on streets and highways, William F. Wilbur and others, who petitioned for the dredging of the sewer outlet on the south side of Long wharf, were granted leave to withdraw.

The report of the committee on finance was received, and a resolution was passed authorizing the acceptance of the sum of \$325 from the heirs of Joseph M. Lyon, as a burial ground fund.

The report of the committee on street names and street signs was received, and a resolution was passed, changing the name of Lonsdale avenue back to Berkeley avenue (this being the oldest thoroughfare in the city of that name); Wilbur avenue to Rosedale avenue, and Berkeley street (in the Second ward) to Tyler street.

The report of the assessors of taxes was received, and leave to withdraw was granted upon the petitions of Mrs. A. M. Jones, Mrs. A. E. B. Brame and Miss Ann E. Tiedale, for remission of certain taxes.

The report of the street commissioner for the four weeks ending April 25 was read and received and resolutions were passed placing the spreading and leveling of garbage on the city dumps in charge of the street commissioner and authorizing the curbing and macadamizing of Central court, at an expense of \$1,500, and the purchase of a street sprinkling cart, at cost \$350, for which a special appropriation was made.

In the upper board the resolution to submit to the tax payers a proposition to erect a municipal electric lighting plant, which at the April meeting of the council was by the aldermen laid upon the table for one month was laid upon the table indefinitely. In the upper board, also, an ordinance was introduced, providing that the liquor saloons should close at 11 o'clock Saturday nights and be closed between the hours of 2 and 6 a. m. on other days.

The resolution was adopted by the aldermen by a vote of 3 to 2, but was killed in the common council by a vote to non-concur.

The petition of W. H. Marvel and others for a fire hydrant on Harrison avenue and an electric light at the foot of that thoroughfare, was referred to the fire department and street lights committees, respectively.

A petition asking for better fire protection to the district below Narragansett avenue was referred to the fire department committee.

### ALDERMANIC.

The petition of A. T. Anthony and others, asking that Coggeshall avenue be declared a public highway, was received and the first Monday in August at 3 o'clock p. m. was fixed as the time for holding a public hearing on the proposed action.

The fruit vendor's license of Harrington & Goudeau was revoked, it becoming known that the men were not residents of this city.

Upon recommendation of Superintendent Denman, a long list of hack, wagon and drivers' licenses were granted. John R. Atkins and Joseph Bullock, non-residents but drivers for Newport people, were granted licenses.

Upon recommendation of Inspector of Plumbing Onan the following, having furnished the bonds called for by the recently passed plumbing ordinance, were granted licenses to carry on the business: William R. Dodge, James Openshaw, Peckham & Nelson, Steele & Ross, Lincoln Hammett & Co., Kelley & Finn, Lynch & Sullivan, P. A. Coffey, John Cramin, Joseph Hairo, Maurice Butler, P. J. Murphy and Thomas J. Murphy.

J. J. Horgan, G. A. Seaman, J. J. Sullivan, John Campbell, J. F. Parsons and D. J. Walsh were granted tavern licenses; A. Benzoine and G. B. Coggeshall for eating houses; R. Harue and J. F. Smith, junky; J. H. Finn and C. Anderson, pool table; L. J. Barry, bagatelle table. Tent show on Middle-town avenue—J. J. Sullivan, Intelligence office—Julia Fanning, Sarah L. Johnston, Mildred Winston.

### For the First Presbyterian Church.

The programme of the Grand Faculty Concert of the Conservatory of Music, Boston, to be given for the benefit of the First Presbyterian church at the church on Broadway next Friday evening is as follows:

Sonata in F, for violin and piano, Beethoven	Prof. Adams
Vocal Duet—"Flow Gently Down," Mrs. H. C. H. Wright and Prof. W. W. Adams	Chorus
Organ	Chorus
1. Overture, "Ben Hur," by H. P. Chelius	Verdi
Song—"Taffelberg," Prof. Adams	Verdi
Viola Solo	Mendelssohn
1. Adagio	Sarasate
2. Spanish Dance	Verdi
Arts and Wals	Verdi
Organ	Chorus
1. Twilight	Chorus
2. Nocturne	Chorus
3. Nigredo	Chorus
Song—"By the Fountain," Prof. Adams	Adams
Viola	Chorus
Song—"Romance in D," Prof. Adams	Chorus
Song—"Ave Maria," Prof. Adams	Gounod
(with piano, organ and viola)	Chorus

The Governor has appointed Charles C. Wardwell of Little Compton a member of the State Board of Agriculture for a term of two years, and the following seven ladies to constitute a Board of Female Visitors to institutions where women are confined: Mrs. Susan B. Barney, Mrs. Lydia K. Kendall, Mrs. Minerva A. Saunders, Mrs. Fannie K. Cushman, Mrs. Celia E. Clark, Miss Susan C. Kenyon and Miss Annie P. Carr, the latter of this city.

Thursday evening at the meeting of Charles E. Lawton Post, Grand Army of the Republic, the members received a surprise visit from the Women's Relief Corps, the members of which brought a supply of provisions that gave the post a good collation. The women also brought a check for the Decoration day expenses of the post.

Donnelly & Girard presented the "Rainmakers" at the Opera House Monday evening for the benefit of the local lodge of Elks. After the performance the Elks entertained the members of the company and invited guests at a social session in the lodge room in Newton Hall.

Mr. Frank M. Wheeler of the Newport Herald, has the sympathy of the entire community in the death of his mother, which occurred in New York this week.

Miss Josie Haas and Miss Mattie Pearson, of this city, took part in Mr. E. Y. Mason's recital in Fall River Tuesday evening.

Redwood Lodge No. 11, K. of P., enjoyed a social time and refreshments at the close of business last evening.

Mrs. Joseph S. Milne, who has been visiting relatives in this city, has returned to her home in Philadelphia.

The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court will convene at the State House on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Smith, nee Waters, have returned from their wedding trip.

Master Eddie Peckham went to Boston this morning to spend Sunday.

### HISTORICAL NOTES.

Presented by JAMES C. SWAN.

### CONCERNING THE WHIPPING OF REV. ORSAHOLM HOLMES.

BY THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

HIS OWN ACCOUNT.

(Continued.)

"To which I replied, not for error, for in all the time of my imprisonment wherein I was left alone (my brethren being gone) which of all your ministers in all that time came to convince me of an error; and when upon the governor's words a motion was made for a public dispute, and upon fair terms so often renewed, and desired by him, I refused. My refusal told me it was his fault that they went away, and would not dispute; but this the writings will clear at large. Still Mr. Plim calls to the man to do his office. So before, and to the time of his pulling off my clothes I continued speaking, telling them, that I had so learned, that for all Boston I would not give my body into their hands thus to be bruised upon any other account, yet upon this I would not give the hundredth part of a wampum peg to free it out of my hands, and that I made as much conscience of unbending one button, as I did of paying the 30 pounds in reference thereto. I told them moreover, the Lord having manifested his love to wards me, in giving me repentance to wards God and faith in Jesus Christ, and so to be baptized in water by a messenger of Jesus into the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, where in I have fellowship with him in his death, burial and resurrection, I am now come to be baptized in reflection by your hand, that so I may have further fellowship with my Lord, and am not ashamed of his suffering, for by his stripes am I healed.

"And as the man began to lay the strokes upon my back, I said to the men, though my flesh should fall, and my spirit should not, I would not fail. So it pleased the Lord to come in, and so to fill my heart and tongue as a vessel full, and with an audible voice I broke forth, praying unto the Lord not to lay this sin to their charge; and telling the people, that now I found I did not fail me, and therefore now I should trust him forever who failed me not, for in truth as the stroke fell upon my back, and such a spiritual manifestation of God's presence as the like thereof I never had nor felt, nor can with fleshly tongue express. And the outward pain was so removed from me, that indeed I was not able to declare it to you, it was as easy to me, that I could well bear it, yet in a manner felt it not, although it was grievous, as the spectators said, the man striking with all his strength (you sitting in his hand) and the time, as many affirmed, with a three corded whip, giving me therewith thirty strokes. When he had loosed me from the post, having joyfulness in my heart and cheerfulness in my countenance, as the spectators observed, I told the magistrates, you have struck me as with roses and said moreover, although the Lord hath made it easy to me, yet I pray God may it not be told to your charge.

"After this many came to me rejoicing to see the power of the Lord manifested in weak flesh; but selfish flesh takes occasion hereby to bring others into trouble, informs the magistrates hereof, and so two more are apprehended at for contempt of authority; their names were John Hazel and John Spur, who came in and did shake me by the hand, but did me no words of contempt or reproach unto any man can prove that the first spoke any thing, and for the second, he only said thus, blessed be the Lord; yet these two for taking me by the hand, and thus saying after I had received my punishment, were sentenced to pay 40 shillings or to be whipped. Both were resolved against paying their fine; nevertheless after one or two days to come, and once paid John Spur's fine and he was released; and after six or seven days imprisonment of brother Hazel, even the day when he should have suffered, another paid his, and so he escaped, and the next day went to visit a friend about six miles from Boston, where the same day he fell sick, and within ten days ended his life.

"When I was come to the prison, it pleased God to stir the heart of an old acquaintance of mine, who with much tenderness, like the Good Samaritan, poured oil into my wounds, and plastered my sores; but there was present information given what was done, and inquiry made who was the surgeon, and it was commonly reported he should be sent for, but what was done I yet know not. Now thus it hath pleased the Father of mercies to stir the heart of the matter, that my bonds and my imprisonments, have been so hindrance to the Gospel, for before my return, some submitted to the Lord, and were baptized, and divers others were put upon the way of enquiry. And now being advised to make my escape by night, because it was reported that there were warrants for the arrest of me, I departed, and the next day came to the place of my journey, the contable came to search at the house where I lodged, so I leaped such bounds, and was by the good land of my heavenly father brought home again to my dear relations, my wife and eight children. The brethren of our town and Providence having taken pains to meet me four miles in the woods where we rejoiced together in the Lord. Thus have I given you as briefly as I can, a true relation of things wherefore my brethren rejoice with me in the Lord, and give glory to him, for he is worthy to whom we praise forevermore, to whom I commit you, and put up my earnest prayers for you, that my late experience who have trusted in God, and have not been deceived, you may trust to him perfectly. Wherefore my dearly beloved brethren, trust in the Lord, and you shall not be ashamed; for I am found of, so also I rest.

### YOU ARE IN THE HAND OF CHARITY.

### ORSAHOLM HOLMES.

"Note. Soon after Mr. Holmes returned from Boston, he purchased and settled on an estate in Middletown, (which is 1870) still owned by his descendants. He lived to a great age and left a numerous offspring. He took charge of the First Baptist Church in Newport as pastor, when the Rev. John Clarke went to England, in which

### he continued till his death.

"In a manuscript of Governor Joseph Jencks, wrote many years ago, he says, 'Mr. Holmes was a very simple man, and in such an unassuming manner, that in many days, if not some weeks he would take up his rest as he lay upon his knees and elbows, not being able to suffer any part of his body to touch the bed whereon he lay. But Mr. Clarke being a scholar bred, a friend of his paid the fee.'

### May Day 1896, or Historical Plymouth.

Years ago when I was a lad living in Providence, I used to see a great many boys and girls early in the morning on the first day of May dressed in this clothing, the girls generally in white dress, going out into the woods for May flowers, trailing arbutus, etc., and they would return before noon, generally with bunches of May flowers, fir or pine tips, and dresses drowsily dragged from the dew and dampness of the woods. Over fifty years have passed since that time, but the remembrance still lingers. With the reading of the May Day festival of Old England in my memory and hearing that there was to be a May Day excursion and dinner given by the Universalist church of Plymouth, I determined with some of the descendants of Perigrine White (the first child born of the Pilgrims after arriving in the May Flower in 1620), to attend the excursion from Newport and to have in Plymouth about 10 a. m., where we found delegations from Providence, Boston, Taunton and other places coming to Plymouth in remembrance of the olden times and of the Pilgrim forefathers who landed here in 1620 and later.

We Newporters were kindly received by the Universalists, who equipped if we belonged to their denomination, as Standard was "Not we, we are not Pilgrims and Edgemoorians, but we are descendants of the Pilgrims and came to see the former home where our forefathers lived and suffered in a strange country that we might worship God according to the dictates of our own conscience." The Pilgrims were not like the Puritans who settled at Boston. They were more free in their worship and principally of the Congregational type. They were a mixture of all men, who adhered to the essentials of Christianity and were willing to conform to the local laws and customs. There in the wilderness they played the cross of our Saviour, which has spread more or less over this fair land and like a little heaven has leavened the whole land for the better, while the names of these almost insignificant people have helped a number of souls to eternal life. Bradford, John and Priscilla Alden are now honored names. Arriving at Plymouth our first duty was to visit the monument erected to the memory of the Leydon Pilgrims who arrived in the May Flower in 1620.

The principal figure of the monument is a gigantic statue of Faith, sixteen times life size, while on the base are twelve tablets showing in bold relief a number of scenes and figures of the Pilgrims embarking from Leydon, arriving and landing at Plymouth, etc. From thence we wandered along the streets to Burial Hill, where the descendants of the Pilgrims are buried even to this day. The burials of the first sixty or eighty years were on Cole's Hill, just below and the graves are lost, as the ground was ploughed and the bodies of the Pilgrims were buried in the ground. In their great sickness, and when they suffered from want of food, so that a ration to each person for two or three days was only six grains of corn, and I think only nineteen men were left alive in the colony. Many quaint epitaphs are found among the 2,145 graves, which may be given a little later if the editor permits, and may name in bold letters a number of families in Newport, such as Perry, Churchill, Luce, Spooner, Durland, Sampson, Reed, Simmons, Warren, Bates, Morton, Rogers, White, Lewis, and Albright, widow of Adoniram Jackson the Missionary, Young, Hammett, Washburn, Dyer, Davis, Dunbar, Brown, Clark, Delano, Randall, Wellesley, Green, Cox, Taylor, Stephens, Swan, Turner, Palmer, Eddy and Eddy, and many others. The graves of the Pilgrims are in the best condition after standing many generations, are of the blue slate, some of them evidently cut and imported from Europe. From Burial Hill we passed down to the lower part of the town until we came to the curiosity shop of a descendant of Myles Standish, also of John and Priscilla Alden, for although Priscilla refused to be buried at the Pilgrim's burial place, she was buried in the same place as the first child born at Plymouth where the Pilgrim Fathers worshipped, we sought Pilgrim Hall, the resting place of many of the relics of the May Flower and other antiquities too numerous to mention, we were ready for our return home with many pleasant memories of Plymouth and May Day, 1896, long to be remembered.

### Commander C. C. Todd has been detached from the Norfolk navy yard and ordered to attend the course of lectures at the War College, which will open in June.

Rev. R. W. Wallace is enjoying a vacation trip to the West.

Mrs. William D. Sayer is visiting friends in New York.

Mrs. Charles Crandall is visiting in New York.



# BEHIND THE DOOR.

By EDMUND DOWNEY,  
Author of "A House of Tears," "Red  
Post Park," Etc.

Copyright, 1896, by T. H. Nelson & Son.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE STRANGER.

Inspector Briggs suddenly lost all his spirit and became as alert as a cat on the pounce. He felt in his best form. There was a mystery to be solved, work to be done, and a reasonable amount of danger to be incurred, for the burglar might be armed and desperate.

The street lamp sent sufficient light into the room, and the inspector's eyes had now grown so accustomed to the dark that he could see almost every object in the bedroom plainly.

He looked under the bed. It seemed an awkward place to plant himself, and it would leave him at the mercy of an armed man. There were two cupboards in the room, both filling up spaces in the walls and both standing at right angles to the door. One of these cupboards was placed in the wall at the gable end of the house, and the bed stood between it and the door. Into this cupboard Inspector Briggs stepped, secure in the opinion of Detective Goring that the visitor, if he happened to be the right person, would concern himself only with that mysterious door which had perplexed and puzzled the coroner's jury and police.

Briggs had not long to wait before he heard a sound outside the bedroom door, a sound of shuffling feet. The cupboard in which he had concealed himself had no shelves, and when the two doors were pulled to without being closed tight there was a narrow slit between the doors, and through this the police inspector could see the whole of the bed room door.

A rattle in the lock.

In a few moments he would know who the villain was—the thief and the would-be murderer—or was this a different piece of villainy altogether?

With a quick push the door was opened, and a man stepped into the room.

Briggs could get a view of only a portion of the intruder's face, and that only for a moment, as the man closed the door to quietly, the catch making a clicking sound which denoted that it was safe in its place. Then the stranger stood still, his back toward the cupboard.

A tall man, stout and with a full, dark beard. Not Steinworth, not Vickery, not Leclerc. At least not unless it was one of those in disguise.

After standing still for a moment the burglar, who wore a long brown overcoat, put his hand into one of the pockets of the overcoat and drew something out. Probably a jimmy.

"Evidently my friend is quite of opinion that he is alone in the house," reflected Briggs. "He seems in no violent hurry. Now, then, he is about to turn his face this way!"

But Inspector Briggs was wrong. The man moved slightly round, and then, lifting his hands and standing quite close to the door, he proceeded to do something with a jimmy.

Was it a jimmy? No, decided the inspector, watching the stranger's movements narrowly. It was a turn-screw, the stranger worked with the turn-screw for a couple of minutes. Then he went down on his knees and continued his operations on the frame of the door.

What did it mean? And why couldn't the fellow just give him one fair look at his face? It was most tantalizing. How long would he have to stand in the cupboard eying the stranger? It would never do to interrupt him now. He was evidently engaged on some job which he was certain he could accomplish easily and leisurely. He was not giving any attention to the lock of the door. But why should he? The door was now unlocked. Or was it? Perhaps that sardonic humorist, Goring, was now outside the door turning the key slowly and quietly.



"Steinworth, by all that's good!"

By a self-satisfied grin on his face. That would be capital, thought Inspector Briggs. Indeed he was so much carried away by the notion that he was very near forgetting himself and indulging in a quiet chuckle.

"What the deuce is he at now, and what prompts him to keep his full face or even half his face out of my line of vision?" wondered Briggs as the stranger rose to his feet. "He has unscrewed something—the hinges of the door. How on earth has he done that, though?"

Inspector Briggs was tantalized. Here was his prey within his grasp, and yet he must not stir. Even his breath he had to draw carefully lest he might disturb the man who was stealthily operating on the door.

The stranger now got the screwdriver slowly and cautiously in between the door and frame, and as quietly as if he was an engraver or a wood carver picking out a difficult bit of his work he gradually worked the back of the door toward him until the back of the door itself was wholly parted from the frame and stood in the room.

Inspector Briggs could scarcely contain himself as he saw this strange operation performed.

Then the big bearded man put out his left hand, holding the back of the door steadily with his right hand, and put the fingers of his left hand into a groove or opening in the door—at least so it appeared to the inspector, though he could not tell exactly what the man

was doing.

Suddenly, with a hoarse cry, the stranger fell back several paces, throw up his hands, and in a thick, guttural voice one word fell from him:

"Gone!"

As the black bearded man stood in the center of the room he grasped the brass knob of the bedroom door with one hand to steady himself. Inspector Briggs had now the full light from the street lamp thrown on half his face. Pivoting his revolver, he opened the cupboard door noiselessly, sprang round by the foot of the bed, and an iron grip was fixed on the throat of the man who had solved the problem of the locked door.

The stranger uttered a hoarse, appalling cry as the police inspector gripped him, and his captor had to drop his revolver and use both his arms to prevent his prisoner from falling on the floor.

He pushed him toward the bed and tried to place him upon it, but the man's body felt like lead, and the inspector could only throw the upper part of the body on the side of the bed and then grip him by the legs and lay him on the bed. He knew the man was in a fit, powerless to offer any active resistance.

A knock at the door of the room startled him.

"Shove the door back into its place," cried Detective Goring.

Leaving the bed, Briggs pushed the door back, at a moment afterward it was opened from the outside, and the detective stood in the doorway, a lighted candle in his hand.

"The fellow has gone off in some sort of fit," said Briggs, great drops of sweat falling from his brow.

"Yes! I heard his cry, the same cry as when he fell down in the corner's court."

"Not Who?" asked the bewildered inspector. "You say 'son,' my nerves and my senses are all gone wrong for the moment."

The detective led the way quickly to the bedside.

"Tear open his collar first," said he, "and then pull off his wig and the black beard and mustache."

He held the candle on high.

"Steinworth, by all that's good!" gasped Inspector Briggs as he followed out Goring's instructions and stared at the helpless man on the bed.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### A STRANGE CONFESSION.

It was about a quarter of an hour before Albert Steinworth had recovered sufficiently to utter an articulate sound.

In the meantime Goring had fetched and lighted the lamp from the dining room and had drawn down the blinds of the bedroom window, while Briggs, after divesting Steinworth of two heavy overcoats which he wore inside the long brown surcoat, tried to bring the senseless man back to life.

When the two officers considered the young man was sufficiently restored, they propped him up in an easy chair, and then placing a small table in front of him Goring turned the lamp up to its full.

Steinworth seemed utterly nerveless as he glanced slowly round the room. Then making a strong effort to pull himself together he muttered, disengaging his unsteady lips a set of long, white, foamy teeth:

"I see I am trapped. You are very clever," he added after a brief pause, glaring at Detective Goring and ignoring the imposing figure of Inspector Briggs. "It was of you I was afraid—not of the poor creatures in uniform."

"Recollect," said Inspector Briggs, with dignity, "that whatever you may say now will be taken down in evidence against you."

"I believe that is the formula," said Steinworth, grinning. "Why should I mind what I say to you now? Mr. Detective here can tell you all that has happened. He has discovered the secret of my little puzzle. It was so simple it baffled all the poor creatures who strut about this neighborhood in uniform and all the miserable denizens whom the same police select for coroners' juries. That was the reason I first confided my troubles to a policeman. Bah!"

Steinworth seemed to speak with difficulty. He was almost choked with rage—rage at being discovered, at his trick being found out. He did not trouble himself about the future. It was only the present which for the moment concerned him.

"I will give you credit, too," said Goring, "for being a very clever young man, but you selected a bad time to commit a theft—when you were in serious money difficulties. And then corpses are extremely kittle cattle."

"That was a most unlucky accident—Mrs. Davon's death." A convulsive shudder shook Steinworth. "It makes me almost sick to think of it. Everything would have gone well but for that, and the idiot Vickery's confession. You are puzzled about that confession, Mr. Detective. Come," with a short, unpleasant laugh, "do not deny it. If you like, I will be perfectly candid with you now. You have discovered my little secret. You have got hold of the money. What have I to hide? Indeed, it will help me as much as it will help you gentlemen and these motion-headed juries to let you know what did happen. I am only a poor player at thieving, whose first move has landed him into a hideous mess. I have lost everything. I have nothing now to hide, nothing to seek for, thanks to you, sir," smiling at Goring.

Steinworth now seemed an utterly different person from the rovable and somewhat slangy young man who had summoned Constable Metcalf to his assistance on the previous Thursday morning. He spoke in a guttural voice, his sentences were short, and his staccato manner of delivering them sounded strangely in the ears of the two officers of the law.

"You take it coolly," observed Goring, "for a new hand. You are just after recovering from a fainting fit—you are all unstrung. Do you think you are wise in making a statement just now which will be used against you? Take time to consider. Give yourself a chance."

"I am quite well—quite myself again. Thank you for your caution. But you know my secret. You have the money. Perhaps the law will take into account that I have helped the trap."

"Ah! you are beginning, I see, to be a reasonable human being. You were only the mouthpiece of rage before. Now you are looking forward and talking sense. All right. The inspector and I will attend to you. Take your time. Don't hurry yourself."

Steinworth bit his under lip savagely with his long white teeth. Goring's pleasant manner, his cocksureness, the fact that he had trapped him, were all biting deeply into the young man's soul, and he was about to declare he would reconsider his decision and remain silent. Then he felt that it would be better for him to speak. It would save time, and it would prevent him from lying any longer under the suspicion, which he knew still clung to him in the minds of many, of having in some way, however mysteriously, contributed to the death of Mrs. Davon. Steinworth was an earnest coward, and as vain as he was cowardly. But his vanity did not reach to the sublime height of wishing to be regarded as a murderer or an accessory to a murder.

"Yes, I will tell you all," he said, with painful deliberateness.

"You will go slow, if you please," said Goring, "for my friend and I had better help each other in taking a note of the principal part of your statement."

Inspector Briggs sat down at the table near Goring and took out his notebook. He was a man of pent up anger. Steinworth's contemptuous reference to him and to the Olneyfields police compelled the inspector to be silent, lest if he did speak his anger might become volcanic.

"I learned—to begin at the beginning—that Mrs. Davon had taken the money out of the bank, by an accident—the accident of my being in the bank and being close to her as the cashier was paying over the notes to her. This was suggested in the coroner's court, as you will remember."

"One for you, Briggs," said Goring. "That was your discovery—or opinion, shall we call it?"

"An opinion," said the inspector, a smile curving his lips. "I don't aspire to certainties now."

"Ah!" was Steinworth's only comment as he gazed from the detective to the inspector. "I was, to put it shortly, in desperate need of money, and the sight of Mrs. Davon holding in her hands bits of paper that would save me from hopeless ruin fired me. Besides I will tell you—though I do not see how it will help you very much—that I had some excuse for my greedy fit. I hoped—and I thought it was no foolish hope—that I should have been able to supplant that curish young Dr. Leclerc, whom I loathe—and that, having him once out of my way, Miss Rodney would turn from him to me. I did not know on Wednesday last that matters had come to such a pass between them."

"A fact worth noting," said Goring to Briggs, observing that the inspector had ceased to write and was gazing somewhat stupidly at Steinworth.

"Certainly," said he, setting to work again.

"Just a moment, Mr. Steinworth."

"I have a pause for a few moments, and then Goring, lifting his head, nodded at the pale, bedraggled young man in the armchair.

"I was in great perplexity," continued Steinworth, "to know how I should proceed to work. At first I thought of throwing myself at Miss Rodney's feet and declaring my passion for her and informing her of my troubles. I felt she would at least pity me, perhaps help me. That course I could not summon up the courage for, so I pondered what I should do to get these notes, which I felt were in Mrs. Davon's room—those notes which would save me from wreck and ruin. I heard footstep outside in the forenoon about half past 10 o'clock, and then I heard the hall doorbell ring. I somehow guessed it was the young doctor, this Leclerc, and straining my ears I caught the sound of his voice. Instantly it occurred to me that this was a chance to visit, and that perhaps I could use it for my own purposes and get my rival—for so I regarded him—suspicious. But for I could not think. As I strode up and down my room in my stockings I remembered a discovery I had made a few weeks previously about the hinges of my door."

"Go slow. Go slow," interrupted Goring. "We are getting to business now. How are hinges fixed on a door, Briggs?" he asked, turning to the inspector. "Don't look at the door, but just tax your memory."

Inspector Briggs paused for a moment.

"It seems a very simple question," said he, "but it is rather a poser to be faced by it right off when you're not in the joinery business. I know. The flat parts of the hinges are screwed to the frame of the door and to the door itself in such a way that the screws are out of sight when the door is closed, and nothing is seen but the round part of the hinges through which the pin goes. That's what puzzled me tonight when I saw our friend attack the inside of the door with a screwdriver."

"A somewhat roundabout explanation about door hinges," said Goring.

"Now, Steinworth, will you fire ahead again?"

"A few weeks previously I had been amusing myself in the evening by painting bits of my room, and the last thing I did in that way was the door. It struck me in going over the door that the hinges—which were imbedded deeply in the door itself and the frame—were different from those of other doors, and later on I found I was right about this. My door was evidently turned some long time ago and possibly it was refixed by an amateur carpenter. At all events, the flat parts of the hinges, as the inspector calls them, are fixed inside my door. The pin and rounded part is also inside the door, and is the only visible part of the hinge when the door is closed. In fact, it looks exactly the same as any other door. When I was cleaning the woodwork, I discovered this, for there was so much paint already on the door and the door-post that the flat part of the hinges and the heads of the screws were quite covered over with paint. As I strode up and down the room, turning everything over in my mind, it occurred to me that it might be possible to unscrew the door at the hinges, to lock it from the outside, get back again into the room and screw the door up. Then no one could suspect me of having left my room for I could not get out of the window without leaving traces behind me, and no one could suspect me of having looked myself in at least no one in Olneyfields."

"Did you not consider that the money might have been stolen before you were locked in? That a friend might aid you in locking the door?"

"No; that did not occur to me. I have no friends of that sort."

"So you see you were not absolutely free from suspicion even if your door trick had not been discovered. Well?"

"It was some time," continued Steinworth, "before I could decide what course I would adopt. Leclerc had left the house, and I was walking up and down my room stealthily in the dark. After about an hour I thought I heard a queer, hoarse cry—not a loud cry, but a dull sound, with a strange terror in it. I opened my door quietly and listened intently, but I heard no further noise. The house was as still as the grave."

"What time was it you thought you heard the cry?" asked Goring.

"I could not exactly say. Probably between 12 and 1 o'clock."

"Go on. You stood listening, your door open. Well?"

"As I stood in my room, still undecided if I would chance a visit to Mrs. Davon's room and trying to think how I might be certain who was fast asleep, I heard a noise, which startled me, on the landing, and then—I was nearly dead from terror as I caught sight of it—I saw the figure of a man dressed in a white robe on the landing. Who or what it was I could not tell. I was paralyzed. The man seemed to hesitate. Then he suddenly turned and walked into my room. He wandered about a bit as if he were feeling in the darkness, and at last he got to my bed and held something over it for a few minutes. Next he wandered about the room, feeling his way with outstretched hands, and at last he got to the cupboard over there. He fumbled about in it, and at length—I can't tell how long he was in the room—he groped his way to the door. He passed quite close to me. I couldn't move a muscle to save my life, and I saw his eyes were closed. I got courage from this and fancied the man was in some kind of trance."

"Of course I now knew it was Vickery. I touched him on the shoulder, but he showed no sign of having felt me, so I plucked up sufficient courage to follow him. He stood on the landing for some minutes and then went into his own room. I still followed him. He went straight into his bed. Somehow I fancied he was on the same errand as the one I was contemplating. His idea had been to chloroform Mrs. Davon. A capital idea for me. It would put all suspicion away from me and direct it either against Vickery or Leclerc. I was aware Vickery used chloroform and ether—he had spoken to me once about the evaporation of ether, and I had seen bottles on his mantelpiece as I passed into my own room. I now knew he was utterly unconscious, so I took the liberty of seeking for a bottle of his chloroform. I brought this into my own room, and going to my bed I found upon it a sponge, which, of course, Vickery had dropped there. I waited now for considerably over an hour, and then I saturated my sponge and stole into the next room. Vickery was snoring loudly, but fearing he might awake and disturb me I thought it would be prudent to lock his door. If I heard him fumbling at it I could have time to get back to my own room undiscovered. I then proceeded to Mrs. Davon's room and, as I thought, chloroformed her. I had little difficulty in finding the money, and the only thing was where to hide the notes. As I left the room it occurred to me that if I wanted to throw suspicion on Leclerc it would be best to strengthen it by letting it be supposed he got in through the window. I knew he was a devilish hard up, and was the kind of fellow who would flounder about helplessly in a morass once he was plunged into it. I hate the cur."

"Rather a wild sort of way for a cool hand like yourself to work up a case against a rival."

(Continued on third page.)

"Did you not consider that the money might have been stolen before you were locked in? That a friend might aid you in locking the door?"

"No; that did not occur to me. I have no friends of that sort."

"So you see you were not absolutely free from suspicion even if your door trick had not been discovered. Well?"

"It was some time," continued Steinworth, "before I could decide what course I would adopt. Leclerc had left the house, and I was walking up and down my room stealthily in the dark. After about an hour I thought I heard a queer, hoarse cry—not a loud cry, but a dull sound, with a strange terror in it. I opened my door quietly and listened intently, but I heard no further noise. The house was as still as the grave."

"What time was it you thought you heard the cry?" asked Goring.

"I could not exactly say. Probably between 12 and 1 o'clock."

"Go on. You stood listening, your door open. Well?"

"As I stood in my room, still undecided if I would chance a visit to Mrs. Davon's room and trying to think how I might be certain who was fast asleep, I heard a noise, which startled me, on the landing, and then—I was nearly dead from terror as I caught sight of it—I saw the figure of a man dressed in a white robe on the landing. Who or what it was I could not tell. I was paralyzed. The man seemed to hesitate. Then he suddenly turned and walked into my room. He wandered about a bit as if he were feeling in the darkness, and at last he got to my bed and held something over it for a few minutes. Next he wandered about the room, feeling his way with outstretched hands, and at last he got to the cupboard over there. He fumbled about in it, and at length—I can't tell how long he was in the room—he groped his way to the door. He passed quite close to me. I couldn't move a muscle to save my life, and I saw his eyes were closed. I got courage from this and fancied the man was in some kind of trance."

"Of course I now knew it was Vickery. I touched him on the shoulder, but he showed no sign of having felt me, so I plucked up sufficient courage to follow him. He stood on the landing for some minutes and then went into his own room. I still followed him. He went straight into his bed. Somehow I fancied he was on the same errand as the one I was contemplating. His idea had been to chloroform Mrs. Davon. A capital idea for me. It would put all suspicion away from me and direct it either against Vickery or Leclerc. I was aware Vickery used chloroform and ether—he had spoken to me once about the evaporation of ether, and I had seen bottles on his mantelpiece as I passed into my own room. I now knew he was utterly unconscious, so I took the liberty of seeking for a bottle of his chloroform. I brought this into my own room, and going to my bed I found upon it a sponge, which, of course, Vickery had dropped there. I waited now for considerably over an hour, and then I saturated my sponge and stole into the next room. Vickery was snoring loudly, but fearing he might awake and disturb me I thought it would be prudent to lock his door. If I heard him fumbling at it I could have time to get back to my own room undiscovered. I then proceeded to Mrs. Davon's room and, as I thought, chloroformed her. I had little difficulty in finding the money, and the only thing was where to hide the notes. As I left the room it occurred to me that if I wanted to throw suspicion on Leclerc it would be best to strengthen it by letting it be supposed he got in through the window. I knew he was a devilish hard up, and was the kind of fellow who would flounder about helplessly in a morass once he was plunged into it. I hate the cur."

"Rather a wild sort of way for a cool hand like yourself to work up a case against a rival."

(Continued on third page.)

"Did you not consider that the money might have been stolen before you were locked in? That a friend might aid you in locking the door?"

"No; that did not occur to me. I have no friends of that sort."

"So you see you were not absolutely free from suspicion even if your door trick had not been discovered. Well?"

"It was some time," continued Steinworth, "before I could decide what course I would adopt. Leclerc had left the house, and I was walking up and down my room stealthily in the dark. After about an hour I thought I heard a queer, hoarse cry—not a loud cry, but a dull sound, with a strange terror in it. I opened my door quietly and listened intently, but I heard no further noise. The house was as still as the grave."

"What time was it you thought you heard the cry?" asked Goring.

"I could not exactly say. Probably between 12 and 1 o'clock."

"Go on. You stood listening, your door open. Well?"

"As I stood in my room, still undecided if I would chance a visit to Mrs. Davon's room and trying to think how I might be certain who was fast asleep, I heard a noise, which startled me, on the landing, and then—I was nearly dead from terror as I caught sight of it—I saw the figure of a man dressed in a white robe on the landing. Who or what it was I could not tell. I was paralyzed. The man seemed to hesitate. Then he suddenly turned and walked into my room. He wandered about a bit as if he were feeling in the darkness, and at last he got to my bed and held something over it for a few minutes. Next he wandered about the room, feeling his way with outstretched hands, and at last he got to the cupboard over there. He fumbled about in it, and at length—I can't tell how long he was in the room—he groped his way to the door. He passed quite close to me. I couldn't move a muscle to save my life, and I saw his eyes were closed. I got courage from this and fancied the man was in some kind of trance."

"Of course I now knew it was Vickery. I touched him on the shoulder, but he showed no sign of having felt me, so I plucked up sufficient courage to follow him. He stood on the landing for some minutes and then went into his own room. I still followed him. He went straight into his bed. Somehow I fancied he was on the same errand as the one I was contemplating. His idea had been to chloroform Mrs. Davon. A capital idea for me. It would put all suspicion away from me and direct it either against Vickery or Leclerc. I was aware Vickery used chloroform and ether—he had spoken to me once about the evaporation of ether, and I had seen bottles on his mantelpiece as I passed into my own room. I now knew he was utterly unconscious, so I took the liberty of seeking for a bottle of his chloroform. I brought this into my own room, and going to my bed I found upon it a sponge, which, of course, Vickery had dropped there. I waited now for considerably over an hour, and then I saturated my sponge and stole into the next room. Vickery was snoring loudly, but fearing he might awake and disturb me I thought it would be prudent to lock his door. If I heard him fumbling at it I could have time to get back to my own room undiscovered. I then proceeded to Mrs. Davon's room and, as I thought, chloroformed her. I had little difficulty in finding the money, and the only thing was where to hide the notes. As I left the room it occurred to me that if I wanted to throw suspicion on Leclerc it would be best to strengthen it by letting it be supposed he got in through the window. I knew he was a devilish hard up, and was the kind of fellow who would flounder about helplessly in a morass once he was plunged into it. I hate the cur."

"Rather a wild sort of way for a cool hand like yourself to work up a case against a rival."

(Continued on third page.)

"Did you not consider that the money might have been stolen before you were locked in? That a friend might aid you in locking the door?"

"No; that did not occur to me. I have no friends of that sort."

"So you see you were not absolutely free from suspicion even if your door trick had not been discovered. Well?"

"It was some time," continued Steinworth, "before I could decide what course I would adopt. Leclerc had left the house, and I was walking up and down my room stealthily in the dark. After about an hour I thought I heard a queer, hoarse cry—not a loud cry, but a dull sound, with a strange terror in it. I opened my door quietly and listened intently, but I heard no further noise. The house was as still as the grave."

"What time was it you thought you heard the cry?" asked Goring.

"I could not exactly say. Probably between 12 and 1 o'clock."

"Go on. You stood listening, your door open. Well?"

"As I stood in my room, still undecided if I would chance a visit to Mrs. Davon's room and trying to think how I might be certain who was fast asleep, I heard a noise, which startled me, on the landing, and then—I was nearly dead from terror as I caught sight of it—I saw the figure of a man dressed in a white robe on the landing. Who or what it was I could not tell. I was paralyzed. The man seemed to hesitate. Then he suddenly turned and walked into my room. He wandered about a bit as if he were feeling in the darkness, and at last he got to my bed and held something over it for a few minutes. Next he wandered about the room, feeling his way with outstretched hands, and at last he got to the cupboard over there. He fumbled about in it, and at length—I can't tell how long he was in the room—he groped his way to the door. He passed quite close to me. I couldn't move a muscle to save my life, and I saw his eyes were closed. I got courage from this and fancied the man was in some kind of trance."

"Of course I now knew it was Vickery. I touched him on the shoulder, but he showed no sign of having felt me, so I plucked up sufficient courage to follow him. He stood on the landing for some minutes and then went into his own room. I still followed him. He went straight into his bed. Somehow I fancied he was on the same errand as the one I was contemplating. His idea had been to chloroform Mrs. Davon. A capital idea for me. It would put all suspicion away from me and direct it either against Vickery or Leclerc. I was aware Vickery used chloroform and ether—he had spoken to me once about the evaporation of ether, and I had seen bottles on his mantelpiece as I passed into my own room. I now knew he was utterly unconscious, so I took the liberty of seeking for a bottle of his chloroform. I brought this into my own room, and going to my bed I found upon it a sponge, which, of course, Vickery had dropped there. I waited now for considerably over an hour, and then I saturated my sponge and stole into the next room. Vickery was snoring loudly, but fearing he might awake and disturb me I thought it would be prudent to lock his door. If I heard him fumbling at it I could have time to get back to my own room undiscovered. I then proceeded to Mrs. Davon's room and, as I thought, chloroformed her. I had little difficulty in finding the money, and the only thing was where to hide the notes. As I left the room it occurred to me that if I wanted to throw suspicion on Leclerc it would be best to strengthen it by letting it be supposed he got in through the window. I knew he was a devilish hard up, and was the kind of fellow who would flounder about helplessly in a morass once he was plunged into it. I hate the cur."

"Rather a wild sort of way for a cool hand like yourself to work up a case against a rival."

(Continued on third page.)

"Did you not consider that the money might have been stolen before you were locked in? That a friend might aid you in locking the door?"

"No; that did not occur to me. I have no friends of that sort."

"So you see you were not absolutely free from suspicion even if your door trick had not been discovered. Well?"

# CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

**MOTHERS, Do You Know** that Paregoric, Balaam's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, many so-called Soothing Syrups, and most remedies for children are composed of opium or morphine?

**Do You Know** that opium and morphine are stupefying narcotic poisons?

**Do You Know** that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotics without labeling them poisons?

**Do You Know** that you should not permit any medicine to be given your child unless you or your physician know of what it is composed?

**Do You Know** that Castoria is a purely vegetable preparation, and that a list of its ingredients is published with every bottle?

**Do You Know** that the Patent Office Department of the United States, and of other countries, have issued exclusive right to Dr. Pitcher and his assigns to use the word "Castoria" and its formula, and that to imitate them is a state prison offense?

**Do You Know** that one of the reasons for granting this government protection was because Castoria had been proven to be absolutely harmless?





















